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UGBROOKE PARK:

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P O E M.



J. Caldwell sculp.

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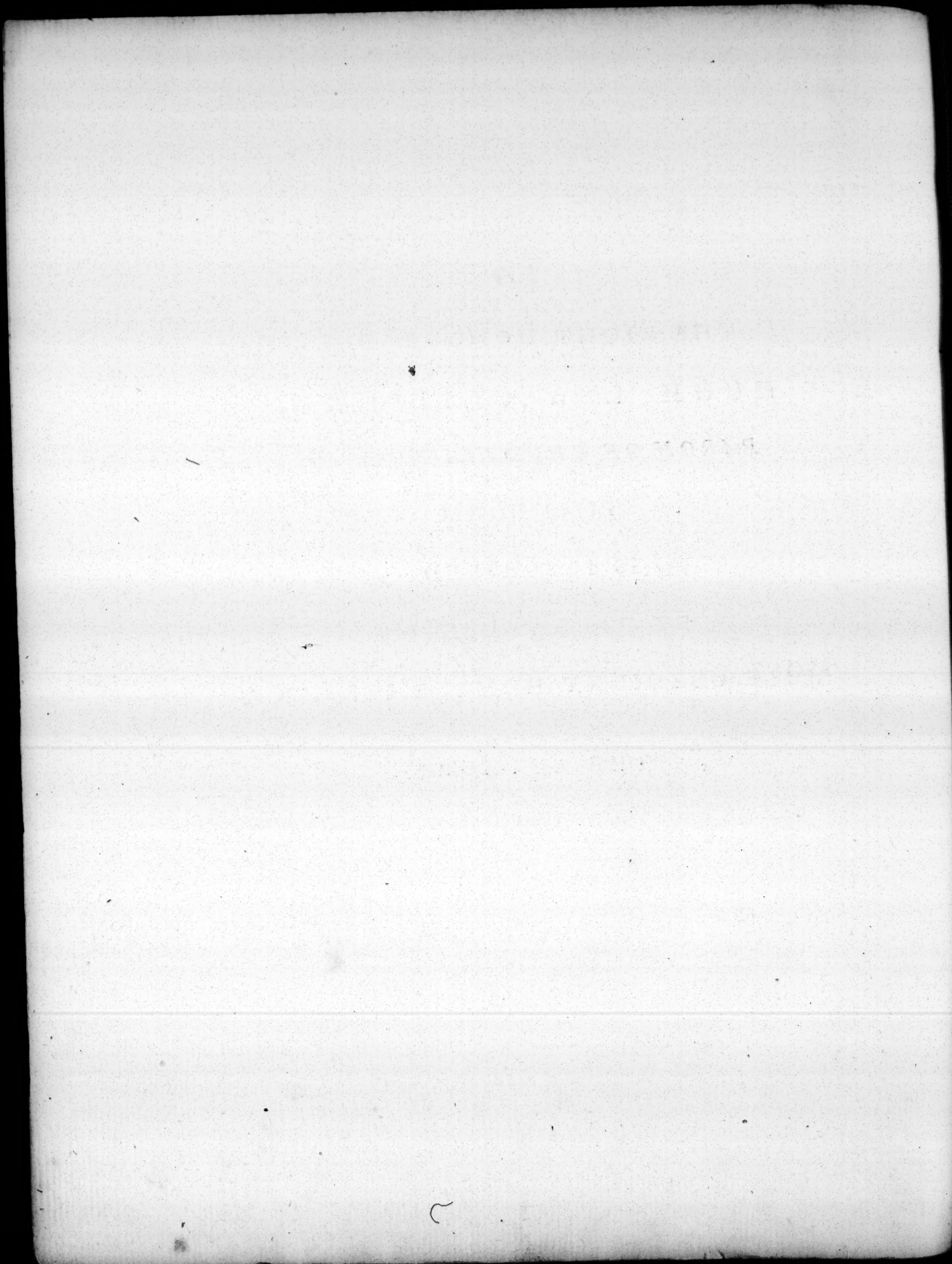
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U S B I K K

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TO
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
HUGH LORD CLIFFORD,
BARON OF CHUDLEIGH, &c. &c.
THIS POEM
IS INSCRIBED
BY HIS LORDSHIP'S
MOST OBEDIENT HUMBLE SERVANT,
THE AUTHOR.



UGBROOKE PARK.

WHY fits the silent MUSE, unstrung her lyre,
Her laurels wither'd, and extinct her fire?

On AVON's bank she once was taught to sing,

And as she sung, the vale was heard to ring.

With tuneful nymphs she then was seen to rove

5

Thro' all the windings of APOLLO's grove.

There stretch'd at ease she tried the rural strain;

And drew the dancing Satyrs to the plain.*

The Latian buskin too, 'tis said, she wore,

And CATO's name was echoed thro' the shore.

10

Does Song no more, does Verse no longer please?

Or has not DEVON charms to tempt her lays?

B

* The Author some time since published some Pastoral Poems, with
a Latin Translation of ADDISON's Cato.

Why from the vale does the bold Mountain rise,
 Advancing with his woods to meet the skies?
 Why does the Plain his verdant bounds extend, 15
 While o'er the stream the marble arches bend?
 Has lavish Nature all her stores display'd,
 To be but by the silent eye survey'd?
 Shall EDGCUMBE'S Mount, with all his glories hung,
 Neglected stand, his woods and fleets unsung? 20
 In charms unrival'd shall a MAMHEAD * shine,
 And yet not merit one poetic line?
 Are woods and streams, are vales and mountains made
 To serve for idle Contemplation's aid?
 In vain the grove then ARISTOTLE fought 25
 To form his mind, and range his depth of thought.
 In vain did PLATO to the shades retire;
 And TULLY his own Tusculum admire.
 The wild romantic scenes of rocks and floods,
 The portico's dim light and waving woods, 30
 With sweet enthusiasm their bosoms fired,
 And brighter eloquence their tongues inspired.

* *The seat of the Right Honourable Lord Viscount LISBURNE.*

So in the grove, beside some murm'ring spring,
Arms and the man young MARO learnt to sing;
 Pluck'd from each spray, from each inspiring bough, 35
 Th' unfading wreath, that circled round his brow.

Oft has the MUSE, my LORD, as here she stray'd,
 With partial eye these charming scenes survey'd:
 Oft has she fondly wish'd these scenes to sing,
 And call'd her sisters from th' Aonian spring. 40
 To wake her voice to harmony, each grace,
 Each op'ning feature of th' enchanting place
 Persuasively unite. Collected here
 As in one point, all Nature's charms appear:
 Hills strive with woods, with water woods agree, 45
 Of DEVON's charms the grand epitome.
 Lost in the pleasing dream, for dreams of night
 Will still bring back the objects of delight,
 She seem'd to climb the high hill's length'ning way,
 Bound o'er the vale, and thro' the forest play. 50
 Oft did th' ambitious thought, alas, how vain!
 Prompt her to paint the undulating plain,

Of waving woods the blended light and shade,

The gaping rock, and natural cascade:

When warning Phœbus touch'd her trembling ear ;

55

Remember Phaeton, he cried, nor dare

Too rash, like him, t'aspire beyond thy sphere.

The arduous height would'st thou attempt to reach ;

Th' aspiring song Apollo's self must teach.

Where Nature spreads such rich luxuriance round,

60

And paints with such variety the ground,

Where nameless beauties croud upon the sight,

And scenes unequal equally delight ;

In varied strains the numbers too should flow,

Not stiffly high nor negligently low,

65

But as the Mantuan and Mæonian lays,

With unaffected dignity and ease :

Should, like the place, all Nature's art combine,

And Art be Nature still thro' ev'ry line.

Ev'n WINDSOR's self, with all his pompous scenes,

70

His chequer'd landscape and surrounding greens,

Had been but as the sunshine of a day,

If uninspired had been the Poet's lay.

By me each bough with laurel-wreaths was hung,
 While round the lawn POPE's tuneful numbers rung. 75
 Our care does UGBROOKE less than WINDSOR claim?
 In merit like, less envied is the name?
 Were DRYDEN back—it should be like in fame.
 For here great DRYDEN once was seen to rove,
 And Mantuan strains were heard thro' all the grove. 80

Bold and unbounded, as the Poet's thought,
 The place itself the strong enchantment caught;
 Hills mixt with vales in sweet disorder round
 Or rose or sunk transported at the sound.
 Save where judicious Art check'd Nature's hand, 85
 And single trees in scatter'd beauty stand,
 Close list'ning forests round the charmer drew,
 Clung to the rocks, and wonder'd how they grew.
 Sweet as he sung, each animated spray
 Bloom'd with fresh life and own'd the magic lay: 90
 Quick as he turn'd, new woods were seen to rise,
 That met at ev'ry step his wond'ring eyes.

Hence thro' the whole a pleasing gloom is thrown,
And UGBROOKE is for woods and verdure known.

Here ceas'd the God : the MUSE with ardour ran, 95
Snatch'd up his founding lyre, and thus began :

When Nature first traced out the grand design ;
And 'midst her greater works bid UGBROOKE shine,
In stile unusual was the plan she drew,
At once to please and strike with something new. 100
Above the common of descriptive song
Each feature, as it rose, was bold and strong :
Not indigested or confusedly hurl'd,
But fair-proportion'd as th' harmonious world,
In one great view th' united parts appear, 105
Each answering each, all wildly regular.
To those, who judge by studied rules of art,
And make the whole subservient to a part,
Whose taste the neat parterre, and formal line,
Or studied clumps, and circling path confine, 110

Mishappen, rude, and rough the draught may seem:

The great sublime was never meant for them.

O'er op'ning vales see hills on hills arise,

New objects vary still and still surprise.

Thro' all those wilds our eyes unbounded roam

115

O'er half the sphere, and still confess their home.

For still no bounds the sev'ral parts control,

Rocks, hills, and plains form one united whole.

See, HALDOWN here his ruffet length extends,

There DART's high TORR in cloud-capp'd pomp ascends.

Around th' horizon, broken and unev'n,

Rocks frown o'er rocks, and prop the bending heav'n.

Scoop'd out by Nature's hand there back they slide

In wild disorder, and the chain divide:

With bulky pride then swelling out again,

125

They croud along, and break upon the plain.

The lovely plain in pleasing contrast now

More brightly smiles, and softens all below.

Here the majestic TEING, with conscious pride

Pours from his urn the tributary tide.

130

Now hid in shades he works his silent flood

Thro' the dark mazes of the pendant wood :

Now murmurs on, and bursting into day

O'er chiding pebbles rolls himself away :

Then turns, and winds his current back again,

135

As loath to leave the sweet-alluring plain,

Till sweeping thro' the fields with wider sway

He rides along, and rushes to the sea.

Here rich Pomona too, with apples crown'd,

Scatters her fruits and sparkling nectar round.

140

See, chearful Industry walks o'er the plain,

With all the rural Graces in her train,

On verdant slopes while Pan his flocks surveys,

And golden Ceres all her stores displays.

No Norman NIMROD's pow'r, by swains accurst,

145

No Asiatic Nabob's lawless lust,

With wanton cruelty here lifts her hand,

Of life or wealth to spoil the peaceful land.

Each smiling hamlet counts her num'rous swains,

In his own cot each swain untroubled reigns.

150

Lo! 'midst their elms TEINGTON and KERSWELL rise,
 Their milk-white turrets gleaming thro' the skies :
 There kings, 'tis said, once strove for martial fame,
 Each village still retains the kingly name.
 Thro' op'ning hills bright ILSINGTON appears, 155
 His spiry pride more lofty HENNOCK rears :
 And hilly INGSBON cloath'd with waving wood,
 And DENBURY distain'd with Danish blood.
 In the wide vale, with circling forests crown'd,
 BOVEY for fossils and her delph renown'd, 160
 Smiles on the charms her fable heath adorn,
 Rich meads of lowing herds and fields of corn.
 Here CRESTOW peeps above the mountain's brow,
 There HIGHWEEK views the town and streams below.
 From driving storms, and blasts of wintry skies, 165
 'Midst shelt'ring hills secure, low IDEFORD lies :
 While in full sight fair CHUDLEIGH paints the scene
 With tufted trees, and fields for ever green.

Proud as Parnassus, with romantic frown,
 A rugged rock o'erlooks the smiling town. 170

By storms and age his crumbling cliffs are torn,
 His uncouth shape loose-hanging woods adorn,
 Whilst on his brow the grazing flocks appear
 Inwrapt with clouds, and seem to hang in air.
 Hewn from his side the marble columns rise ;
 His bold majestic front invades the skies,
 While thro' the craggy windings of his wood
 Down headlong foams the loud-resounding flood.
 From his deep cave he hears the rushing sound,
 And bids his echo spread the charm around.
 From scene to scene the rising raptures roll,
 And ecstasy now sinks thro' all the soul.

175

180

But see, where Jove his fav'rite care extends,
 Crown'd with tall oaks th' aspiring hill ascends.
 Not Ida's self a nobler sight could show,
 Tho' Goddeffes adorn'd his shady brow.
 Here thriving elms with oak dispute the prize,
 And sturdier ash, that brave the stormy skies :
 Their branching sides with rich luxuriance bend,
 Their stately heads above the clouds ascend.

185

190

A softer hue the spiry larch display,
 And balmy firs perfume the rising day.
 Here brought from Lebanon the cedar shines
 With vig'rous life : here poplars, planes, and pines,
 Here limes and mastful beech with nodding pride 195
 O'er a wild tribe of vulgar trees preside.
 Now bow'ring greens their woven shades unite,
 And dimly shade the quiv'ring gleams of light ;
 Now op'ning glades disclose the pathless way,
 And in full brightness pour the rushing day. 200
 Thro' shapeless trees we catch th' expanding view,
 In all its forms each object still pursue,
 With keen delight each growing charm explore,
 And gaze with fresh desire still o'er and o'er.
 So sinks the vale, so woods and mountains rise, 205
 The scenes so change, and pleasingly surprize.
 If eager of the chace Diana still
 Range fair Arcadia's plain or Cynthus' hill,
 Here richer forests might her toils surround,
 Here richer game o'er richer mountains bound. 210

Not so in days of yore appear'd the land,
 When Danish rovers rush'd on TEINGMOUTH's strand;
 When barb'rous yells were heard thro' all the coast,
 And DEVON mourn'd her peace and freedom lost.
 Pale Terror stalk'd along, and from afar 215
 Hurl'd thunders round, and all the din of war.
 Each mother wept, in shrieks her fears express'd,
 And clasp'd her trembling infant to her breast.
 Then on these hills were first encampments seen,
 While groves of lances gleam'd along the green. 220
 See, undemolish'd yet the rampart stands,
 Here yawns the ditch, scoop'd out by Danish bands.
 The frowning out-work here its crescent shows,
 Here stood the wall, and there the castle rose.
 Once plunder'd of its store here streams the rill, 225
 Penurious yet, and murmurs down the hill.
 To shelt'ring vales and dens then Pan retired;
 Ceres in flames on dreary wastes expired.
 Poor helpless hinds then from their hamlets fled,
 Or with their slaughter'd teams ignobly bled. 230

At length immortal ALFRED rais'd his hand
 To snatch from bondage Freedom's native land.
 His royal banner, as aloft it play'd,
 The golden name of LIBERTY display'd.
 Close round their prince embattled heros press'd ; 235
 A thirst for glory beats in ev'ry breast.
 A match for more than men, now on he moves,
 Fierce as the eagle when on trembling doves
 He darts his rage : now stretch'd beneath his sword
 On yonder down lies Denmark's swarthy Lord. 240
 The swarthy down * still bears his barb'rous name,
 The lasting monument of Danish shame.
 Their leader slain, the croud in dire dismay
 Pour headlong down the hills, and seek the sea.
 Keen flash the light'ning from the Victor's eye, 245
 That blast the breathless ruffians as they fly.
 So when the rebel winds by Juno's hate,
 On Neptune's realm conspired Æneas' fate,
 Pale trembling Trojan's heard the tempest roar,
 And huge rough billows burst upon the shore. 250

E

* HALL-DOWN, *commonly called* HALDON.

Then rose the rev'rend monarch of the flood;
 Obsequious Tritons round his chariot stood:
 Stern as he spoke, th' unruffling surge decreased,
 Rude winds obey'd, and all the tumult ceased.
 Thus fell the storm of war; thus o'er the land 255
 At ALFRED'S nod Peace stretch'd her olive wand.

But hark! what gladd'ning sounds the forest hear!
 What peals of shouting vict'ry strike the ear!
 Lo! where the Dane had rais'd the hostile mound,
 Triumphant Britons, now with laurel crown'd, 260
 Their sacred pæans in loud chorus sing;
 The mountains round with sacred pæans ring.
 Borne on the winds repeated pæans rise,
 And float in swelling triumph to the skies.
 With keener ardour now each hero glows, 265
 As down his cheek the silent transport flows.
 In transport lost each soldier had by chance
 Around th' intrenchment fixt his shining lance.
 The lance with music animated grew,
 Off from its top the polish'd metal flew. 270

Now, strange to tell, quick springs the fibrous root,
 Whilst high in air the spreading branches shoot.
 The huge round sides enclosing bark confines,
 And life tho' ev'ry limb exulting shines.
 Of glitt'ring spears thus where an army stood
 Of oaks now stands the venerable wood :

275

Hail, sacred shades, with age luxuriant grown,
 To heros once, and now to Phœbus known ;
 Within your gloom a harmless bard receive,
 And while to you he sings these lays, forgive.
 So shall no slaught'ring axe with stroke profane
 Break thro' your precincts or invade your reign.
 The trees by luckless fate condemn'd to fall
 From other hills let splendid gamesters call :
 Of yours not one the fatal chance shall mourn,
 Nor from these mountains be untimely torn.
 The great, the gay, now wild and thoughtless grown,
 May whirl thro' all the follies of the town ;
 From plays to routs, from routs to masquerades,
 Turn night to day, and day to midnight shades ;

280

285

290

The purer joys of life they ne'er receive,
Such as these scenes of home-felt quiet give.

Let Belles, dissatisfied with Nature, part
From those she gives, and borrow charms from Art :
Uncensured, if they can, flirt round the rooms, 295
Paint the false cheek, and trim their airy plumes.
No wiles of art distain the Dryad's brow,
As Nature paints, her artless beauties grow.
Cloath'd like a modest fair, she needs no art
To draw th' enchanted eye, and gain the heart. 300

Unenvied let the Virtuosi prize
Their grubs, their insects, birds and butterflies ;
Bid lifeless forms in nicest order lie,
And with stuff'd mummies feast th' admiring eye :
Here life itself more sprightly decks the day, 305
When thro' the ferns the hare and partridge play ;
Or from the cover on aspiring wings
Of harm secure, the chuckling pheasant springs.

O'er mouldy coins let Antiquaries pore,
 Of busts and urns the sacred rust adore ; 310
 Change scores of GEORGE'S for one OTHO'S face,
 And learnedly enjoy the precious brass :
 Of ancient honours here, of long-lived fame
 The brighter marks our better homage claim.
 These rev'rend hills, with nodding forests crown'd, 315
 These groves and sylvan majesty around,
 Of sage progenitors to sons unborn
 Shall mark the seat, and still that seat adorn.

This was the seat by CLIFFORD * once admired ;
 'Twas here, too wise for state, he once retired. 320
 CLIFFORD, unaw'd by interest or fear,
 Hypocrisy's vile garb disdain'd to wear.
 No slave to faction or the vulgar croud,
 The schemes he plan'd, he publicly avow'd.
 Friend to his prince, by principle was just, 325
 Inflexible and steady to his trust.
 But when black Envy gain'd the monarch's ear,
 And spit her venom at the guiltless peer ;

F

* *Lord High Treasurer CLIFFORD. - See his Character in MACPHERSON, Vol. I.*

When Honesty no more approach'd the throne,
 Nor Loyalty her principles could own ; 330
 When to be great, men were no longer good,
 And yielding CHARLES went smoothly with the flood,
 Then the much injured Treasurer with-drew
 Aftrea-like, nor kings nor courtiers knew.

Let speculative fages range the sphere 335
 Of shining orbs, and trace the rolling year,
 Fix motion's laws, explain attraction's force,
 The cause of thunder, and the light'ning's course :
 Say, round the earth if Northern oceans roll,
 And cleave the continent beneath the pole : 340
 Tell, why the tides in restless surges roar,
 Yet fear to break beyond the destin'd shore.
 'Tis yours, my LORD, with unaffected ease
 To draw from Nature's stores, and make them please :
 With taste refin'd to dress the rural feat, 345
 And add new honours to your own retreat :
 To shade the hill, to scoop or swell the green,
 To break with wild diversities the scene,

To model with the Genius of the place
 Each artless feature, each spontaneous grace. 350
 For, as you work, the Genius still presides,
 Directs each stroke, and each improvement guides.
 Hence thro' the whole irregularly great,
 Nature and Art the wond'rous work complete ;
 In all so true, so unperceived the skill, 355
 That Nature modified is Nature still.

But see, the Naids rush from all the hills,
 And at your call unite their willing rills.
 Along the vale, o'erhung with spreading wood,
 Swells the flow-winding, deep, majestic flood. 360
 The smooth expanse reflects an azure gleam
 Of trembling trees, that glitter down the stream ;
 Mild and transparent as a summer's sea,
 When on its glass the dancing sunbeams play.
 Now, where they grazed, the wond'ring herds descry 365
 Inverted woods, that meet the downward sky ;
 See wat'ry glades, that grace the mountains round,
 And frisky fawns, that o'er those mountains bound ;

Now sudden start with wild surprize to hear
 Unusual sounds re-echoing in their ear. 370
 For lost within the lab'rinth of the wood
 Thro' tracks untried now drives the roaring flood ;
 In loud confusion o'er the broken steep
 Abruptly pours, and dashes down the deep.
 From crag to crag the tumbling waters bound, 375
 And foam, and fret, and whirl their eddies round.
 The rugged bed of huge, unshapen stones
 Beneath the rude tumultuous torrent groans,
 Whilst aged oaks, by wanton Nature bred,
 O'er the deep gloom their thick luxuriance spread. 380

Now pleased we turn, and see the turrets rise
 In rough, majestic grandeur to the skies ;
 The stile and plan so fitted to the place,
 That each on each reflect a kindred grace.
 False taste may swell the shining villa's cost, 385
 And boast the sums magnificently lost :
 No pompous littlenefs these mansions know,
 Nor pile up fine extravagance for show.

What tho' no heaps of glittering expence
 Impose upon our eye, mislead our sense, 390
 Or that the wall no crouded paintings hide,
 But what with grace appear by TITIAN's side;
 Nor sprawling figures load the ceiling's weight,
 Nor gorgeous columns prop its falling height;
 Yet still there is, what more our judgment charms : 395
 There's taste, there's manly elegance, that warms
 And dignifies the whole : so rose the plan,
 So ADAMS finish'd what you first began.

Let Phrygia boast no more her needle's grace,
 Nor beds of state in tawdry colours trace ; 400
 But here her skill and all her art forego,
 Here gaze with rapture, or with envy glow.
 See, * on the filken ground how Flora pours
 Her native dyes, and opulence of flow'rs ;
 How blended with the foliage of the rose 405
 The rich carnation and bright tulip blows :

G

* *The Bed designed by and wrought under the direction of the late
 Dutches of NORFOLK, daughter of ED. BLOUNT, Esq; of Blagdon in
 Devonshire.*

The downy peach and clust'ring vine appear,
 With all the treasures of the purple year,
 While on her waving plumes of vivid green
 Down skims the Paroquet, and decks the scene. 410
 In rival pride the Cockatoos unfold
 Their milky charms, and crests that flame with gold.
 With half-expanded wing here sits the dove
 In loosest attitude : intent above
 She rolls her eye, where on exulting wings 415
 Thro' fields of air her lively consort springs.
 Here fresh as life in all their glories drest,
 The rich Maccaws display the scarlet breast,
 The painted neck of variegated hue,
 And wings that shine with bright cerulean blue. 420

This NORFOLK's skillful hand alone could teach,
 This, such is fate, no mortal now can reach.
 This, the rich emblem of her virtuous mind,
 For NORFOLK's heir she traced—at once design'd.
 A monument of art. Alas, how vain 425
 Are oft our schemes, how strow'd with seeds of pain.

Are half our joys ! In bloom of life scarce shown,
 But as a lily cut untimely down,
 Was * HOWARD snatch'd away. With him expired 430
 Her hope, her joy, and all she once desired.
 Of blifs too great, she said, had been the height,
 Had it but been as permanent as bright.
 On him kind Heav'n had ev'ry gift bestow'd,
 That forms the great, the virtuous, and the good. 435
 CLIFFORD——if e'er to you this hand was dear,
 And as she spoke, she dropt th' expressive tear,
 O CLIFFORD—now my second hope—receive
 This last best pledge, MARIA's hand can give.
 So shall I smile, howe'er by Fortune crost, 440
 To find the costly toil has not been lost.

She said ——and UGBROOKE to his former store
 Added this one, this matchless treasure more.
 The Genius heard, then turning smil'd to see
 Art still with Nature vie, and still agree. 445

* Son of the Honourable PHILLIP HOWARD, by his second Wife, Sister to the Dutchess of NORFOLK.

Thro' all alike thus Art and Nature roam,
 And fix the Graces in their native home.
 No stiff formality, no noise, nor strife
 Here cloud the day, or damp the joys of life.
 Heart-cheering mirth, with ease and plenty stored, 450
 Displays each day the hospitable board.
 No plaintive sigh heaves from the sorrow'd breast,
 But Pity feels and comforts the distressed;
 Supports pale sickness on her bed of grief,
 Prepares the medicine, and imparts relief; 455
 To helpless age and want divides the bread,
 And bids Despondence raise her drooping head.
 Thanks to the hand from whence these bounties flow,
 With heart-felt joy the grateful poor bestow.
 Hence on the noble PAIR in show'rs descend 460
 Life's purest blessings, that kind Heav'n can send.
 Domestic virtues in fair order move,
 Connubial faith, and harmony, and love.
 Hence of celestial Pow'rs the fav'rite care,
 Their offspring too shall all those blessings share. 465

In long succession may the Virtues run,
Each bright'ning still in each aspiring son,
And parents smile to see themselves outdone.

But cease, fond MUSE, nor impotently vain,
Affect the loftier airs of epic strain :
Enough for thee, that in descriptive song
Thou paint the Charms that to these scenes belong.

470

F I N I S.

